The Miſer mump'd of his Gold;

OR,

The merry Frolick of a Lady of Pleaſure in *Bartholomew*-Fair; Shewing, how ſhe fed the Uſurer with Pig, but made him pay for the Sawce.

To the Tune of *Let Cæſar live long.* *Licenſed according to Order.*

A Lady of Pleaſure in Bartholomew-Fair
Was powder'd and painted, nay dreſt in her Hair;
In ſuch rich Apparel ſhe then did appear
As if her Eſtate was ten thouſand a Year:
Of each huffing Gallant ſhe would make an Aſs,
She fed them with Pig, but they paid for the Sawce.

Among all the reſt I will mention but one,
A Miſer, who is in fair London well known;
Yet I will forbear now to mention his Name,
Becauſe I am willing to keep free from blame:
Of this wretched Miſer ſhe made a meer Aſs,
She fed him with Pig, but he paid for the Sawce.

'Tis known this old Miſer he ſeldom did eat
From Years-end to Years-end a meal of good meat;
Event if it was given him freely, and then
He would eat as much as five labouring Men;
He hapn'd to meet with this beautiful Laſs
VVho fed him with *Pig*, but he paid for the ſawce.

It hapn'd this Miſer went over the Rounds
And under his Arm he had ſeven-ſcore Pounds:
The which he was going that Morning to lend:
This Lady ſhe met him and ſaid My dear Friend
Your former good Nature lays claim to a Glaſs:
She found VVine and *Pig*, but he paid for the ſawce.

The Miſer he told her he dare not drink Wine
Nor any ſuch liquors until he had Din'd:
Quoth we, ſince ſhe here did ſo luckily meet,
I now am reſolved to give thee a treat:
Away to her chamber they ſtraightways did paſs,
She fed him with pig, but he paid for the ſawce.

The Miſer mump'd of his Gold;

OR,

The merry Frolick of a Lady of Pleaſure in *Bartholomew*-Fair; Shewing, how ſhe fed the Uſurer with Pig, but made him pay for the Sawce.

To the Tune of *Let Cæſar live long.* *Licenſed according to Order.*

A Lady of Pleaſure in Bartholomew-Fair
Was powder'd and painted, nay dreſt in her Hair;
In ſuch rich Apparel ſhe then did appear
As if her Eſtate was ten thouſand a Year:
Of each huffing Gallant ſhe would make an Aſs,
She fed them with Pig, but they paid for the Sawce.

Among all the reſt I will mention but one,
A Miſer, who is in fair London well known;
Yet I will forbear now to mention his Name,
Becauſe I am willing to keep free from blame:
Of this wretched Miſer ſhe made a meer Aſs,
She fed him with Pig, but he paid for the Sawce.

'Tis known this old Miſer he ſeldom did eat
From Years-end to Years-end a meal of good meat;
Event if it was given him freely, and then
He would eat as much as five labouring Men;
He hapn'd to meet with this beautiful Laſs
VVho fed him with *Pig*, but he paid for the ſawce.

It hapn'd this Miſer went over the Rounds
And under his Arm he had ſeven-ſcore Pounds:
The which he was going that Morning to lend:
This Lady ſhe met him and ſaid My dear Friend
Your former good Nature lays claim to a Glaſs:
She found VVine and *Pig*, but he paid for the ſawce.

The Miſer he told her he dare not drink Wine
Nor any ſuch liquors until he had Din'd:
Quoth we, ſince ſhe here did ſo luckily meet,
I now am reſolved to give thee a treat:
Away to her chamber they ſtraightways did paſs,
She fed him with pig, but he paid for the ſawce.

A Dinner she straightways provided with speed,
The Miser he like an old Farmer did feed,
Concluding that he should have nothing to pay,
But to eat and drink, aye and so go his way:
The Lady supply'd him with Glass after Glass,
She found him with Pig, but he paid for the Sawce.

This Lady supply'd him with Liquor good store,
'Till he was not able to drink any more;
Full Bowls of Canary he had drank so deep,
That all of a sudden he fell fast asleep:
Thus of this Old Miser she made a meer Ass,
She fed him with Pig, but he paid for the Sawce.

She shook him, and finding that he would not wake,
The Seven-score Pound she did presently take;
Then locking the Miser up in an old Chest,
This brings me, in short, to the Cream of the Jest:
Thus her waggish purpose was soon brought to pass,
She fed him with Pig, but he paid for the Sawce.

Now he having told her before where he dwelt,
In this subtle manner she cunningly dealt;
Straight calling a Porter to finish this strife,
The Miser she sent in a Chest to his Wife,
Without e're a Penny in Silver, alas!
Thus she fed him with Pig, but he paid for the Sawce.

This Lady she gave him two Shillings at first,
And bid him be sure he was true to his Trust,
Now for to deliver his Burthen with Care,
For why I must tell you it is Merchants Ware:
And thus the poor Miser was made a meer Ass,
She fed him with Pig, but he paid for the Sawce.

Now such as the Porter came to his own Door,
The Miser awak'd, and loudly did roar;
The honest poor Porter was frighten'd alack!
Supposing that he had Old Nick at his back:
But it was the wretched Old Miser, alas!
VVho was fed with Pig, but he paid for the Sawce.

The Wife she was frighten'd this Wretch to behold,
The Miser stark-mad for his Silver and Gold;
But all was in vain, tho' he search'd Smithfield round,
The Lady of Pleasure was not to be found:
Thus of an Old Miser she made a meer Ass,
She gave him roast Pig, but he paid for the Sawce.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.